NEWS FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN, AND DAILY MAGAZINE FEATURE

WINIFRED BLACK Writes About Cooking and Her New Year's Wish



wife to do was to keep the house clear and to have two decent meals ready for him when he was ready to eat them

The judge gave the man the divorce.

The woman, who sued pecause her husband wouldn't cook, said that her husband was a singer and she worked the food, she thought it was his duty to cook it and to have it ready for her when she came home from work—als in the morning, when she was getting

ready to go to work.

The judge took this case under ad visement, I wonder why?

Did he think that a woman who doe

Did he think that a woman who does a man's work down town ought to do a woman's work at home, when there was a perfectly able-bodied man there to do it for her, if he wanted to?

What a fuss we are having about cooking these days—so many people seem to hate it so bitterly!

I love to cook. I wish I had a nice little brown house, way out on the moor, where I could hear the sea at night and where there were two round trees by the gate and two round bushes by the door and two tall, slim trees at the back of the house, and a pear tree and a plum tree, and a cherry tree and an apple tree on the south side of the house, and a lilac and a snowball bush, and a burning bush and a bleeding heart bush, and a Daphne and a lemon verbena bush on the north side. And I wish there was a little brick sidewalk leading from the gate to the steps, and in the house there was a big, red brick fireplace and just four rooms and lots of windows and dozens of closets.

The Day's Happy Round.

The Day's Happy Round.

I wish there were children in the house—little ones and big ones. And house—little ones and big ones. And a dog in the yard—a big, rough-mannered, sound-hearted Airdale. for choice, and a gray cat on the hearth. And I wish I had not a thing in this world to do but keep that little house as neat as a pin, and pick roses for the glass bowl for the dining-room table, and Macs for the dull blue jar in the living room and lemon verbena it would be handy to throw a leaf in now and then for a kind of a perfume and a smell, and just the hearth to scrub and the rooms to sweep, and the boy's chubby hands to scrub—and three good, solid meals to get every single day and something to get them with and nothing else in the world to

Wouldn't I cook! I'd have eggs for breakfast-but first I'd throw two slices of curly white onion in the pan with a little butter and to that I'd add to see what smelled so good—and then I'd beat up my eggs and stir them in. And I'd have a pan of popovers in the oven and a pot of clear coffee on the stove, and when I called those children in to breakfast I'd feel that I had the district and the could go for a walk, the three of us, only we would get home exactly at five-thirty.

Then I ould put some crisp leaves of leave that I had the could go for a walk, the district and into a clear glass bowl and I leaves that I could be could go for a walk, the ward was a possible to do leave the could go for a walk, the ward was a place of the could go for a walk, the ward was a place of the could go for a walk, the ward was a place of the could go for a walk, the ward was a place of the could go for a walk, the ward was a place of the could go for a walk, the ward was a place of the could go for a walk, the ward was a place of the could go for a walk the ward was a

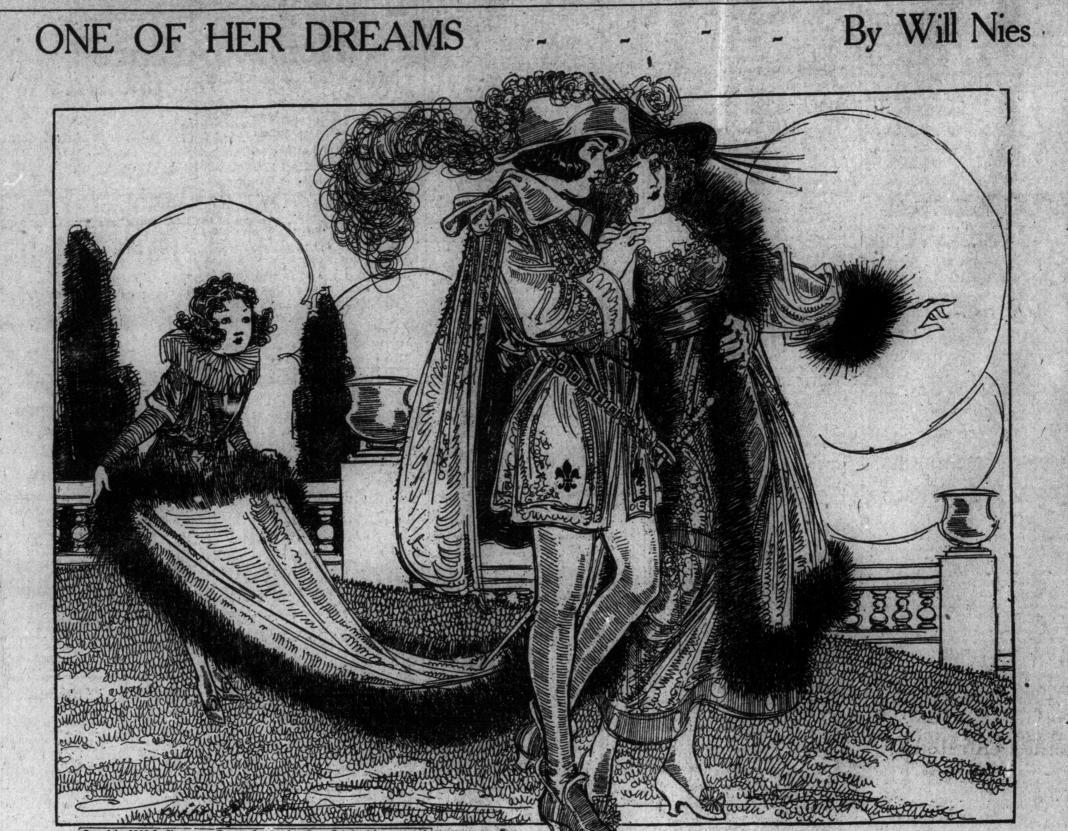
and dry them on a blue-and-whitechecked towel that had hung on the line in the garden so long that it smelled of sun amd dew and trees and flowers, and I would set my dishes away all in a row and stand back and look at them with my head on one side, and I would be very happy.

half-past eleven—I'd stir up a great big bowl of mush—cornmeal mush—and I'd have lots of it and it would be served in blue bowls with big spoons

and tell stories, and I would not let anybody come and take away from me my pleasant task of cooking, and cooking well for 'aose I love.

If any one called it drudgery, I would be a strong to the cooking and tell stories, and I would not let anybody come and take away from me my pleasant task of cooking, and cooking well for 'aose I love. to eat it, and there'd be a big glass pitcher full of milk on the table—and that would be all. Maybe for dessert I'd give them a good big piece off the end of a crumbly, home-made loaf, and I would spread it with butter, quite even and not at all thin, and, if they were very good there should be specified by the should be sh they were very good, they should have sugar on it.

Now here is my New rear's wish; for all the world the joys of home and the greater joy because those who make home really home—find happi-



wireless, are PRACTICAL, even thrilling—but vibrant with romance? Not they? Romance doesn't reside in the present—it's the special property of the PAST. All her life she has dreamed of that PARTICULAR past when a knight on a snow-white charger

with her train-bearer as chaperon.

Oh! the romance of their meeting! Ah! the thrill of their words! THERE is a dream worth living, she believes. But who is SHE—this girl who really lives only in dreams and dreams REAL life away? Look about you—can it possibly be YOU?

rinse them in hot, plain water, and I would rub them till they shone with sister just in from the yard, and I would stand them in a row on the shelf in the dining-room and I would look

at them—and like them.
At four o'clock I would stand in the door and watch, and at ten minutes past four I would wave to them, comthe quarter of a tomato and then 1'd ing over the moor, running and laughjust skimp in a smitch of garlic as big as the head of a pin, and I'd let them as the head of a pin, and I'd let them to change their clothes and then the birds hopped down from the trees the birds hopped down from the trees that smelled so good-and then a rould have to do some weeding in would have to do some weeding in the garden. And when these things

dren in to breakfast I'd feel that I nad done just exactly what I ought to do and what I love to do, and what I know how to do and I wouldn't envy any queen on her throne—or off of it either, for that matter!

When the oblidgen were some, I would a clear glass bowl and I would put some big, mealy potatoes into the oven and I would slice plenty of home-made bread and put a good dish of yellow butter on the table and learn witcher full of milk and in the When the children were gone, I would a glass pitcher full of milk and in the wash my dishes in a clean little sink centre of the table I would put a comb and dry them on a blue-and-white-ohecked towel that had hung on the line in the grader so love that and I would be very happy.

When noon came—no. I'd begin about and tell stories, and I would not let

practise it, not only with profit, but it

When Should the Children Eat With the 'Grown-Ups'? Household Helps by Isobel Brands

"At what age should children have their meals with the family at the table?" This is a queetion that is asked very frequently by the housekeepor who has small children. Of course, this depends so much on the varying ages of the children that no arbitrary answer is possible, but here is what several mothers have found the beat practice:

If there is more than one little one in the family the pleasantest method is to have a corner of the dining-room set apart for the youngsters' use, with their own little table, small chairs and small appointments like the "grown-ups" table—a little bowl for flowers, tiny sancellar, perhaps, and a small water jug, too, if they are big enough to pour for themselves. It takes time to teach the very little ones courteous table habits among themselves—offering and passing goods to each other and being helpful at the table, but children do it more easily and naturally among themselves than if artificially drilled to do it at the grown-ups' table, where they see plainly that their help isn't really reeded.

Where the little people's table is possible the children can eat by themselves more comfortably and pleasantly until they are grown sufficiently past the infant stage to understand table conversation of their elders and conduct themselves courtecusly.

Most mothers agree that it is neither rleasant nor helpful to have a small child at the family table. In the first blace the child is likely to desire some of the food which is served, but which is unsuitable for him, and sooner or later mother succumbs to the temptation to give baby "just a wee tiny bit" of some thing he shouldn't have, just because it "hurts baby more to want it than toget it." The baby doesn't enjoy a bit being wedged in between his elders and having to call lustily for what he wants. Nor can the family conversation proceed peacefully if mother is interrupted a dezen times to attend to baby's needs. A meal should be quiet above all things,

the child should not be at the table while it is small.

I know one family where there are five small children, but mother and father dine together alone as quietly as the their together alone as quietly as the their together alone as quietly as the they were honeymooners instead of the parents of a healthy, noisy crew. The children have their dinner at 6 o'clock—one hour before t bein father arrives home.

They have their own little table, and ever since the older ones were big enough it has been their duty to set the table correctly, under mother's supervising eye. They help each other to food at the table, the older ones sometimes cutting up the food for the smaller children. Of course, these mealtimes might be rather noisy feativals, but the ahrewd mother has made this her reading hour with the children. They dine very quietly, indeed, so as not to miss ta single word of mother's story.

The children all breakfast with the family at the "big table," but their habits have been so well ingrained that they are well behaved, and perfectly able to take care of themselves when they do have meals with grown-ups.

There is none of the fretfulness of the child who has always had all of his meals with grown-ups, whose table manners have been neglected because he has been fed as rapidly as possible to keep him quiet, or, worse still, has been encouraged to dominate the table conversation with his "cute" remarks until the family table is, indeed, the baby's table.

JAPAN TO LEND. Very Glad to Arrange Credits Helping Britain to Carry on the War.

Japan's first war loan of \$50,000,000 to Britain was most popular. In the first six hours Tokio subscribed \$15,000,000. When the plan was mooted the local pankers alone within an hour agreed to underwrite the entire issue.

This loan is made solely to raise further credits in the United States by taking advantage of the favorable rate of exchange between Japan and the United States. Solving the A GIFT FOR THE Problem of HOMEMAKER Household Helps . By Isobel Brands

It used to be thought that Christmas was the one occasion upon which it was justifiable to "wish upon" one's family all the unnecessary things that they would never buy for themselves. Who has not stored away some beribboned hair receiver, ornate hatpin holder and other such pseudo-artistic trifles? But we are getting more and more sensible each year, and give something useful and desirable. Best of all, the tired housewife is being remembered by gifts that will save her labor and time, and so help her to leisure in which she can enjoy her family's company and get outside more. Here are some suggestions for household gifts for the kitchen and the table that are sure to be appreciated. They are modern labor-savers, and some of them are very moderate in price.

Combined bread and cake mixer.

Carving set, consisting of carving knife and fork, poultry shears and knife sharpener.

Glass baking dishes, in which foods can

ner. Glass baking dishes, in which foods can e both baked and served in very attrac-Square dishpan, with plug and trap in centre, so that water can be let out without having to lift the pan.

Dishwashing machine, preferably one with motor, if there is electricity available.

Dish-draining rack.

Nut-cracking set, stationary nut-crackr, or bowl with nut-cracker attachment.

er, or bowl with nut-cracker attachment.
Stationary grater.
Mayonnaise mixer.
Ice cream freezer.
Window washer on long handle.
Dustpan on long handle.
Vacuum cleaner.
Set of aluminum cooking utensils.
Fireless cooker.
For those who have electric current available, there is a long list of large and small labor-savers. The table cooking devices are especially attractive, like the toaster, percolater, chafing dish, bot water heater, etc., all of which save mother's time in the kitchen, incidentally

How to Solve the Problem of an Inactive Col

By DR. L. K. HIRSHBERG M.A., M.D. (Johns]

canal or digestive tube be divided, like Caesar's Gaul stomach, th



whose outline the colon bound in typhoid fever the small

mant as an obelisk.

While light fruits and vegeta as propellers to the small in the bulky ones and copious a

Proper direction.

Belts, abdominal supports, fixed

Petroleum oil, charcoal an quantities of olive oil help to h this Appian Way and Exoc

tion," and a host of similar While this may be necessary

A.—1. I make no apology whitell you that grease and dirt are we spread causes of dark circles under cyes. What seems often a skir and water or spirits of chlorofor the dark circles are really in the

"Savitri" is a short opera, founded on an episode of the Mahabharata, dealing with the immortal subject of the triumph of love over death. Text and music are by Mr. Gustav von Holst, who is, despite his name, an Englishman, his ancestors having settled in England over a century ago, when they came from the Baltic provinces of Russia.

The music is on a small scale. Three soloists, a hidden choir and a "chamber" orchestra are all its requirements. With these small means, a beautiful effect is achieved. Even with the limited resources of the London School of Opera at Wellington Hall, it made a remarkably poignant effect, and caused one to regret once again the absence of popular opportunities for such refined art.

By Sterrett

add grace to table service, and ensure the hot serving of all hot dishes.

Why not an electric hair curier or an electric iron for mother's dressing room, or an electric blanket, if she prefers to sleep in a well-ventilated cold room?

A small portable electric lamp that she can move about in her own room is another electric novelty she is sure to apreciate.

But, if you prefer giving her something not quite so utilitarian, but, nevertheless, something she will enjoy, try to find out what she really wants—not some piece of ornamentation that you think she ought to have, but which she may never find a use for. Why not give her some tickets to a matinee, especially if she is the kind of mother that never "treats" herself to the theatre, no matter how much she wants to go, or sull scribe to some newspaper or magazine for her?

Perhaps you can help mother most by giving her some convenience for the nursery. Give the baby a present that will prove a labor-saver to mother. A little baby "Koop" that will keep the sull baby, a lap pad of rubberized quilt, a bath tub set, or little helps like a small drying rack, stocking stretcher, etc. will make the day easier for mother and form a most desirable gift.

NEW ENGLISH OPERA

wash the bowls in hot, sudsy water and ress in doing it. Polly and Her Pals Copyright, 1916, by Randolph Lewis.

The Parson Didn't Make Any New Year Resolutions







NEW ENGLISH OPERA.

Remarkable Work, That Requires But Small Orchestra and Cast, Proves a Success.

Canadian Associated in the London, January Informs of the Press that a Baptie board column and no community of the London in the London Inc.

At 2 o'clock

TTALIAN G

Batteries on